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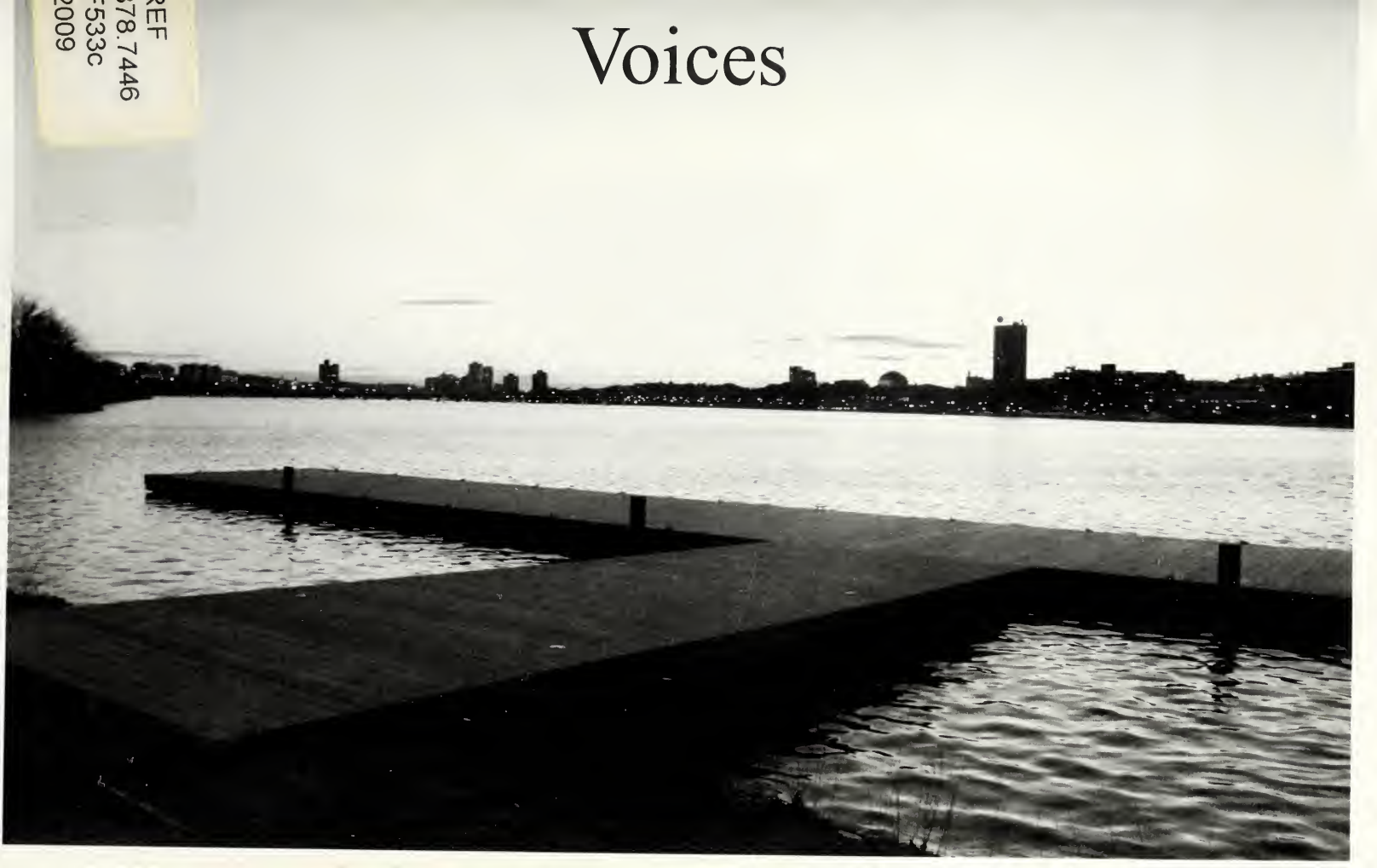
Voices



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Morning Glory
Alison Cappucci

Woke up to
a came apart morning,

Breaking dawn's dam
that holds back falls;
who just grind teeth,

while slumber tries to
Sleep.

Lauren Bean

036746

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Freedom Fasting
Jamie Strickland

What is desire?
Beneath the fire
Ignited between two souls
Infected vocally by unknowns
Excelled in a twist of fate and passion
Where we wonder is it better to speak
Or to be spoken to
When you're given life's ultimatums
That's tattooed on the palms
Of our very livelihood
Stuck in self-conscious nature
One of a cycle to be recycled
As the sun shines
Invigorating rays against your skin
While God
Speaks to your restless spirit
Whispering the words
"Be unafraid"
"Be unafraid to fight what you believe in"
Making every morning
Worth rising for
And each letter between the page
Worth reading

Writing a Love Poem for Someone who Hates Poetry
Or,
Inevitability
Matt McDougal-Shaver

In order to write a love poem,
For someone who hates poetry,
There are a few requirements:

You'd want to write about something old,
A memory only the two of you know.
Like a warm summer afternoon spent on pebbled banks,
Hand-in-hand, arms swinging slowly in time
To the gentle lapping of the Mississippi

You'd want to mention something new,
How in days (days!),
The two of you will be together again;
Hearts in one another's steady hands.

You'd want to think of something borrowed
Like how you believe your time with her
Must have been the result of some great transaction
A debt to the stars
That you'll never be able to repay.

And then, something blue.
Like how deeply blue her eyes can be
When you're sitting next to her
Beside a lake.

Finally you'd want to say something about inevitability.
That despite everything said and done
You do not think it's inevitable
That you two be together.

That inevitability is an assumption where
Who you need becomes merely what
You're supposed to have
When you assume love till the end.
Oh, you'd write a classic line about
How deeply you need her.

But in the end
For the girl who hates poetry;
For your girl,
You'd simply write that your only for certain
Is that as long as the Mississippi flows
She will be necessary to you.

Black Sea
Brittni Ferguson

Feeling held back
bound by chains
as if I were a slave
the minute I make my getaway
I'm being pulled back
Freedom gets taken away
running towards open doors
jumping out of open windows
I can taste freedom on the tip of my tongue
it tastes like cheesecake
sweet and mouthwatering
I run towards my utopia
but I'm blocked by an invisible boundary
what am I?
A chained dog?
only able to explore the yard
anything outside this area
is off limits
shocked back to reality
locked away like Cinderella
have my prince charming
but no escape
no fairy god-mother
to set me free
becoming a prisoner
of my mind
only I'm literally locked away

Real Shit
Franchisca Jean

BLACK! WHITE!
ASIAN! NOT!

We go to school together
Yet we segregate forever

You say the same race
Makes you feel more in place
But you completely forgot the past case
How Martin Luther King, Jr.
Gave a speech someplace
Rosa Parks stood up for freedom
She didn't want to retreat or seat in the back seat
While Jews were forced
To die in gas chambers
Because they had different beliefs

Asians in the ESL room
Avoiding different cultures
At the same time
The Blacks in the mall room
Acting like they own the damn place
During the time
The Arabs and Whites smoke outside
Just waiting for their
Next period to come by
While the Dominicans are screaming
In the café, "Que Lo Que"

It seems like nobody notices
That we separate ourselves
Look at your friends now
Am I bullshitting somehow
Or am I just right?

First of all, don't second guess yourself, when you pick out something wildly vibrant flowered shirt at TJ Maxx that you've just got to have and you show it to your best friend Jen and she looks at you with that "are you kidding, you like that thing" look, simply smile, nod and proceed to the check out. Believe me, that flowered shirt will sit in your closet for three years with the tags still on it having never been worn, but you'll have the satisfaction of Knowing that you wanted it so you got it, it's really just that simple.

Talk to yourself. Studies have shown that people who talk to Themselves have an overall better sense of self an mindful tranquility. While you're moping around the house one Saturday afternoon when the weather is almost as foul as your mood, talk to yourself, ask yourself why you feel the way that you do, because truth be told, the best friend you'll ever have is yourself. There are multiple ways to get by in life, not just medically but emotionally; life is a rough and bumpy ride, but if we can tough it up and push through, better days are sure to come. If all else fails, "fake it 'til you make it."

Laugh at yourself. One Friday night when you and all of your girlfriends get dressed up and head off to some nifty new club in the city, let yourself be free.

Tonight, you should be the one who drinks one too many glasses of Pinot Grigio and winds up bottom to the cement on Newbury Street in your brand new BCBG dress and Prada pumps. Now, stop and breath. Before you start freaking out in front of Mr. Dreamy that you met at the bar, pull one of your girlfriends to the ground with you and laugh at how absolutely ridiculous the situation you're in truly is. Good for you, you're now experiencing what it feels like to be a normal human being: we trip, we fall, we get up, but the experience is always more fun with a friend and a laugh or two to get by.

Cry. Crying is quite possibly one of the most refreshing human abilities. You have a bad day, you cry, you feel a little better. Human emotion is

beautiful and to be able to express yourself in this way is truly a gift. In time we learn to embrace our tears, as children we cry out of anger or sadness, perhaps over trivial matters, however the emotion is still there. As adults, tears are more than bursts of emotions, they tell stories, our tears can narrate the triumphs and defeats that life hands us, rather, throws at us.

Crying is also a personal experience; hey, make a night of it, that's right, pull out your old pictures, light some candles and play the saddest songs you've ever heard, you'll probably cry for a good hour, but I promise you the elation you'll feel afterward is definitely worth the running streams of mascara and liquid eye liner.

Life is full of mistakes, the "why in God's name did I do that?" or the "I should of when I could have" but really what does this do for us? We let all of our youthful decisions ferment in the section of our mind, which causes grief and guilt, and that's the funny thing about guilt it just eats away at you until you're left wondering where the years of your life went and why you let one event or decision shape your thought processes. Do yourself a favor and forgive yourself for the mistakes of your youth, because in all honesty, can you really call it a mistake if you learned something from it? You are in charge of your destiny, so stop kicking yourself in the behind for breaking up with Bobby Quarterback your sophomore year of high school, because when you get right down to it you realize, he wasn't even that great looking (yes, you're allowed to be critical of him because he is the one that called you all those not so nice nicknames over Spring Break, remember?) Also, did you honestly believe your little heart could take all that romance at fifteen? Life is about growing and learning, so embrace the Bobby's of your life as learning experiences, rather than scarlet letters on your soul. I finally present to you my last bit of advice and possibly my most cliché one at that; Look in the mirror and simply say, "You're beautiful and I love you."

Willows
Emily Haigney

Willows weeping
Buried now
Encased in frozen tears
That leaked mercilessly
As the blazing sun bleed into night,

With sadness mocking
Casting shadows of memories,
The past reflected in the moon-
Incandescently -
Haunting branches
Carved in bark.

Willows -
Endowed with wisdom
Weep all year round
Bestowing harrowing winters
Reaping malignantly
To the bone.

Numbed by these echoes, I weep too -
Thoughts wilting petal by petal
Where life remains thriving -
Every gaze dulled so bright
Tasseled with loneliness

Winds pivoting
Stirring stillness against flickering light
Resurrect remaining life

Wounds melting -
Though
Vulnerable -

My body dances in stride
As my heart lingers with the willows
Weeping wearily
And branches trespass onto the sky.

Thank You
Kelsie Thames

I hate that I miss you
I hate that a part of me dies when I see you
I hate that I think of you and smile
I hate that your touch makes me crumble
I hate that I never told you how I felt until it was over
But I am thankful for you.
I am thankful that you made me fall in love for the first time
I am thankful that you helped me discover me
I am thankful I know who I am now.
Thank you for breaking me down.

Lauren Bean

I Believe– Golf
Anonymous

Golf, it was a sport that I thought was an activity for old men or rich people. I also thought it was an easy sport, and did not take much energy.

Last year's vacation, I went back and Macau, my younger brother tried to teach me how to play golf. After one lesson, I changed my mind.

When I stood in the practice space, my younger brother told me, "If you can't hit a ball, that's okay. Everyone is not able to hit the ball in the beginning, especially the first hit, so you don't have to feel bad about it." However, I hit the ball my first try. At that moment, I still thought golf was easy to play. But a couple of minutes later…

I kept hitting the ground with the club. My brother would say to me, "I think you can be a good farmer." When I couldn't hit the ball, I felt embarrassed. Then, I was serious and ready to try again; I felt that I would hit the ball far. However, I used too much power. I hit my back with the club, and it hurt a lot. Do you want to know where the ball was? It was sitting on the ground quiet and silent. I knew that my brother was laughing at me secretly. But I didn't want to quit, at least, I was not a farmer anymore.

I kept trying the whole afternoon. Finally, I hit the ball and it flew far away in a straight line. At that moment, I was so happy. I forgot that my back was hurt; I forgot how many times the ball sat on the ground quietly. I forgot about being a good farmer.

The Feline
Sarah Manzi

In her fairy lair, she can hear his finger tips feel

Pip squeaks leak and ferret talk

hawking from the tiny window.

Silver tin foliage foresting her right wing.

The left wing clings

to the ring he invisibly placed

upon her,

Purrrrr.

She prowls out the window to always,

always land(ed) on the tomb of the dead,

Alive and risen! Horizontally

earning the worst kept secrets of Hell,

ferning upon her like fairy falls.

With a wave of a wander,

She transcends and bends time to her after-strife.

Animal Locomotion
Alison Cappucci

"*I was halfway across America. At the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right there and then, that strange red afternoon,*" oscillated in my mind as my eyes reread the lines of Kerouac while still glancing up making sure not to walk into anyone in the Prudential. For a weekday afternoon I was surprised to see so many people crowding the shopping center, but I could not hear them or be bothered by anything at this point in my day. All I could hear was my own voice as I narrated something new from a story I believed to know quite well, but this line jumped up at me in a way as never before. The sentence drummed in sync with the clacking of my syllabic structure of my own walk. The clapping of the titled ground and the bottom of my flip-flop's sole quieted to a halt as I found myself affront a choice, an ordinary one at that, asking me to leave via escalator or stairs.

My feet were tiring from walking and yet still headed straight for the staircase. Though the escalator would have mechanically whisked me to the bottom, something compelled me to let the rhythm of my steps guide me down the medium sized flight. Left would be followed by right in a motion I had patterned as far back as my mind let me remember. Of course, the choice of a self-propelled motion could end with my tumbling down like Varooka Salt in *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*; ending only in a face plant-crash into large revolving doors. This thought blinked across my eyes as I counted 34th to 35th step, and as it did I decided that I would rather that than stand on wheeled track rotating on a chain meant to *carry* then *place* me where I was set on landing. I made the last leap from stair to stone ground without the unrealistic near-death experience I saw drawn out in a split second internal film. Two men in beige-knee length overcoats then exited the shopping center in front of me, and on the spin of their coat tails, I greeted the city's streets with the intoxication ignition of my prepared cigarette. The air had chilled while I had been encased indoors, I thought, and breathing in the mixture of smoke and the outside's almost ready spring breeze, I noticed the reverberations of my step. A motion I had come to grow quite fond of even though it mimicked my father's. As my heels gave away my body's weight to their counter-parted toes, I remembered how I had tried to change my walk only some years back for the very similarities learned through patriarchal footing.

They spoke loudly and unladylike, my strides, almost in a stomping motion did my heels come into contact with the pavement; swiftly transferring over the arch, who ended the movement on my toes. Here, an effortless push continued the positioning of opposite in front of opposite congruency and I felt his strides, that I had for a short time tried to mold into toe-shoed walk. I failed in lieu of what the chance would have compromised. Enjoyment. A sensation enjoyment made brisk of my walk both as I neared school and in every future time I needed to travel. A footing that kept its own pattern even when the left foot slapped out of turn, forcing the right to compensate for the tried sole of its companion. Even when the roles reversed, and the left led the well-worn right, neither stopped to complain. Each only endured and took the weight long enough for a new strength to muscle into the spend strides' need for a short rest. Both inherently endured the pressures of the always callous East.

Lauren Bean

On Holiday
Zandra Bogar

A tiny Irish pub
On the backstreets of Beantown
Stolen glances across the room
Making small talk with your mates
In town for the weekend
Whispers in the corner of the bar
As we pick songs from the jukebox
You laugh when I pick Avril
Should it have been Westlife?

And I smile when you kiss me on the cheek
Laughing as you speak, I still can't understand all that you say
But why, in this moment, does my heart beat this way?
Too many Magners perhaps?
But I'm finding it hard to look away--
Age is just a number keeps playing in my head.

The taxi arrives and speeds to the hotel
One more drink I told myself
But skillful hands quietly slipped off my dress
I sigh but only for a moment as our bodies hit the sheets.

You whisper in my ear
I don't know how to feel
Is this real?
Darkness covers the room as we move in rhythm
Exhausted my head falls and finds your chest perfectly
And you kiss my forehead

I sleep.
~

Why can't I sleep?
Maybe it's all the Redbull I've been downing all night
I look down and she looks peaceful in my arms
I can't get her off of my mind
Maybe I've come to realize
Boston is where I should rest my brown shoes;
She teased me about the white laces.

I hope that this is not all a dream
There is a reason for this I am almost sure.
Irish luck, hell I've had a lot of that tonight.
I hope she feels the way I do in the morning light.

Abandonment of Departure
Rebecca Sousa

A dramatized notion
To assume the less of *leute*

So far removed
A distant cousin
I view from afar, the deficits in my own life

One year of efforts
Placed alongside my own disgrace
Intentions count for little; when little is produced

So why then go on? In a charade of delusions -
To be deluded

An indulgence in defeat
To give away blatantly,

My contrived design
A distant memory now

The miles that lay in between
Separate who I am
And what I could be

Untitled
Jamie Strickland

This artificial analytical articulate
beliefs bolster my being
confusing these contradicting connotations
with denials delusions and deceit
that self destruct upon emotions erupting
say it
emotions erupt and destruct upon
the palms of love
so I find piece of love
in this self love
that I preserve
so what you do
you love your self
e v o l
v o l e
o l e v
l o v e
bolstering a bullshit reality
and waving a middle finger to the past
and focus on the future cause that's what's left
its so simple to be true to yourself
and love yourself
so be you for yourself
and punch your clocks at the end of each day
cry for resolution
with no evolution
just temporary solutions
polluting the bigger scheme of things

We Are That Couple
(James J. Hill Finds Love)
Matt McDougal-Shaver

I stared at the night sky through my bedroom window,
As our bodies laid in a tangled mess,
Hips kissing,
The tips of my lips on her cheek.
I felt the firm pressure of our knuckles,
Fingers hugging;
Four warm hands glued together.

I listened to the sounds of a city
She didn't call home
As they trespassed
Our happy silence,

But the pump of our two hearts pressed together
Separated and encased by ribs and skin:
Our natural protection
For the pain distance brings,
Was louder than any city's howl.

I watched a star slowly fall
From one corner of my window
To the other
While her measured inhales and exhales
Pushed someone else's sun farther away
As she fell off to sleep.

//

And now I look out that same window
With my hips open and bare
The tips of my lips
Kissing heavy air
My worn hands searching for something to hold on to.
Tear-stained goodbyes,
Words unsaid
And she's gone again.

I listen to the sounds of a city
I call home
Shout its lullaby
As I watch that same star
Fall from the night sky.

This bed feels smaller and cold
Without her laugh
Her bright eyes
And her touch
To keep it warm and full.
My heart beats alone
But still in time
With hers.

Soonchan Park

My Demons
Brittni Ferguson

Fighting my own demons
leading the greatest army
I am a GOD like Alexander the Great
I roam my country, expanding
my empire

Fighting my own demons
I am Eve biting into
that forbidden fruit
giving into unknown temptations
sentenced to a lifetime
of punishment

Fighting my own demons
I am George Bush
standing for what I believe in
even if half the nation hates me
starting a war I'm unable to finish
expectations I could not reach

Fighting my own demons
I am Barack Obama
fighting for change
and expected to fail
I represent a colony of change
like my forefathers before me
I'm destined to break stereotypes

Fighting my own demons
I am the new America
freedom spills from my pores
I am the American dream
not yet realized

Fighting my own demons
a fight I have not yet won!

Wandering
Ivis Fiallo

Rain, I hate it when it rains. I can hear the rain drops fall on the computer lab windows as I attempt to finish my work before leaving the lab. As I clean up, I frown at the thought of getting wet; yes, I have an umbrella but I still hate it. The rain makes me, (as I'm sure everyone else), feel gloomy and the moisture in the air gets my hair frizzy. It's kind of funny really, I used to take swimming lessons as a child and naturally I am a pretty good swimmer, though I admit I am not good enough for the Olympics. Also when our family took trips to the beach at Cape Cod, I was usually the first, (and sometimes only), person to go in the 60 degree water; (though to be honest, I'm not sure how cold the water was). However, my love for the water has waned as the years have progressed. Though I still find the beach a beautiful place to walk and spend time with the family, I do no longer care for it. Rarely will I ever go into the ocean water unless it is a warm temperature, (this goes for pool water as well), and I grown a great distaste for the sand that sticks like glitter to the bottom of my feet as well as other places. I guess it all has to do with the temperature, I will not go into the water if it is cold, (which unfortunately the pool at my house always is), unless of course it is blazing hot outside.

I snap out of my revere as I walk down the steps into the mall, on my way to get out of 118 Beacon and head to 1 Arlington. I pause at the door to take out my umbrella that is conveniently located on the side of my backpack pocket. I open the umbrella as I step outdoors to shield myself from the cold wet rain that falls from the sky. Walking down the street I wonder to myself, what I should have for lunch today, should I bother getting anything and wait to eat at home? I hate eating late though, I won't be home until five and chances are there probably won't be anything to eat. I could always buy something to eat off campus, though the sandwiches in those shops are so expensive and my bank account is suffering enough as it is. However, I could buy something at school with my cash money but they serve the same stuff every single day (and their spread is not much different from the stuff they gave me in high school).

I sigh as I come to a stop at the edge of Beacon Street, ready to cross into Arlington. This cross walk is frustrating, once in awhile it will let me cross but most of the time it doesn't. On this cross walk you have to be quick to avoid the cars coming to your left or the cars coming up ahead of you. I make a

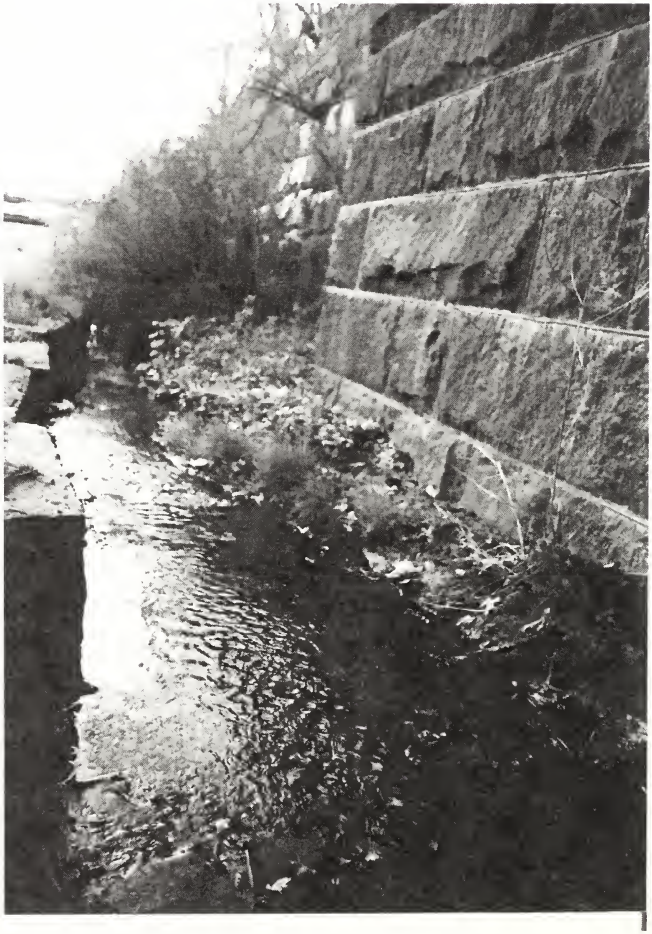
check to my left and quickly dash across the street into the safe zone. Great! The hard part is over, now for the moment of truth (which is the elevator). I walk up the steps into 1 Arlington and passed the heavy wooden doors, and what do you know! The elevator is stuck again!

I make a frustrated grunt and start climbing up the steps, cursing the person who forgot (or more likely lazy!) to close the gates of the elevator; how stupid. This place needs new elevators but of course that is an idealist way of thinking, new elevators mean a lot of money (which I'm sure the college is not going to spend on elevators in one building). Though maybe I should be grateful, not only am I getting exercise but I'm also reducing the risk of getting stuck inside the elevator. Yeah, bet you think I'm very paranoid and the truth is...I am. Of course it is not something that is extreme or even mild, just my overactive imagination that comes with horrible worse case scenarios (but that is a story for another day). I've been inside the elevator on the occasion when it is not stuck, looking around I find it to be a very enclosed space. Most elevators today usually have a door at the top of the ceiling in case the elevators were to get stuck. However, this one does not and that makes me slightly worried, that such a small space does not have an escape route in case that ever happens. Perhaps the college will need a new elevator the day they find the remains of an unfortunate student that died of starvation and suffocation (ha, ha, ha, look at my morbid humor! *sarcasm*).

Great, I'm starting to pant and I'm only on the third floor! "Just one more," I tell myself as I press on to the fourth floor, legs hurting. As I climb I think to myself that I can't wait for the weekend. Though, I don't have much of a weekend thanks to my job but hey, I could use the money. Finally! My deep breathing slows down as I make my way down the hall and into room number 43. ...Hmm ...should I have lunch or wait until I get home?

Brush 'em
Sarah Manzi

Sugar coated lies cause me truth decay
My enamel is deteriorating
I've been oversaturated with fictionary snickers,
crowns cross bite these clowns.
Ahhhhhhhhhh, Novocane Land
Roll the die just one more time, but beware of gum-drop mountain-tops and lollipops.
Open wide,
scope out your plaque.
Until then, I'll be Crested in the Milky Way.



Amanda Bertone

Your Worth
Junior Daniel Mendoza

Since the day of your birth
the world knew it couldn't
measure up to your worth.

You're an Italian Queen,
one day you'll be accomplished
and live up to your dreams.

You're worth more than life
and one day you'll find a loyal king
that will make you his wife.

To this world you're a Goddess
and soon you'll find a guy that
from day one with you will be honest.

You deserve the world
I just wish I was that guy
who made your toes swirl. lol

You don't deserve any liars,
all you need is someone who,
in your heart, can light up that fire.

You'll find your true love
and when it happens you'll be
thanking the God up above

Like Aaliyah your love can be one in a million
but its worth more because
it's one in a trillion!

Remember that!

Shattered
Travis Leotti

My heart has been dropped from the top of the top of the empire state building

Breaking into a million pieces

Being kicked all around by people walking by

People who don't see what's going on around them

You walk by being the first person to open your eyes to see

My heart shattered all around picking up the pieces and holding them close.

You carefully put all the pieces back together

Giving my fragile heart the love and care that it has been longing for.

You're the one that put the beats of love back inside of me.

Amanda Bertone

Reflection
Travis Leotti.

I look in the mirror

I see a reflection

A reflection of myself

A reflection of accomplishment

A reflection that no one else can see

Unless you get to know me

I look deep in the mirror

And I see hard ache and sadness

I see a person that was once happy

But now that happiness has dripped away

I'm looking and the reflection shows

Someone who's turned around to make himself better

I look in the mirror

And I see someone who put his heart and soul

Into everything he does

Cause he can't let himself down

I look in the mirror

I see a reflection

A reflection of a frown

A reflection of a person who can't be brought down

I look in the mirror

I see a reflection of what I am today.

Free-bird
Emily Haigney

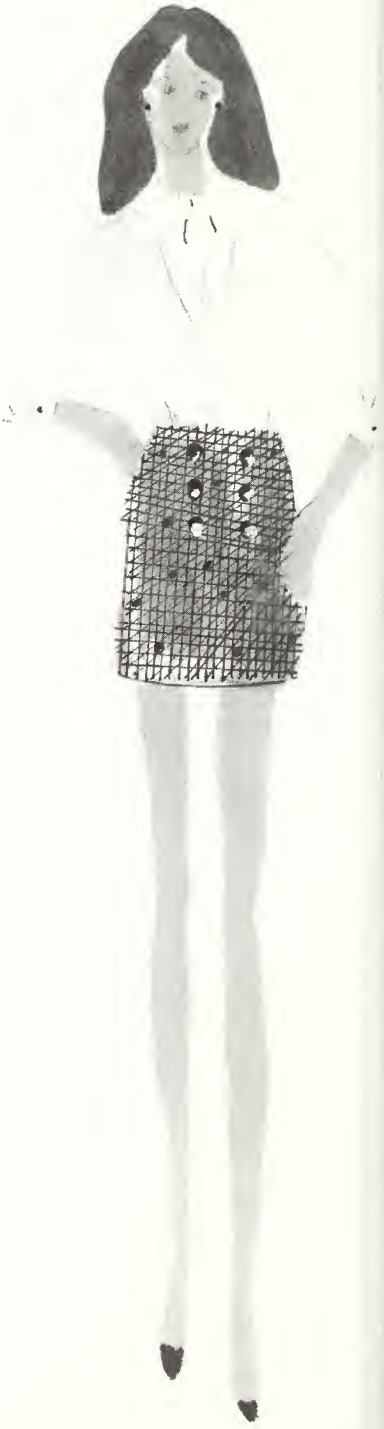
She is compelled into labyrinth of azure eyes
Hoisting his demands upon her maid-tray
But sulfurous bee's bumble
Proclaimed words
Frothed of flaming contrite stings
Languish un-answers
Her bared lips lock wane heartbeats.

He invites her inside his scarlet pulse where
Emerald fevers ripple, thorn-sealed bottles
Hallowed foam tendered transactions
Cackle kaleidoscope suds
Gabbling majestic love un-said,
Where he slinks sodden slices upon ruby-slipper smiles
Bathing intricacies of intoxicated spindles
Weaving confessions and images framed of flames
Ploughed of teeth tracks
Bite marks that gnash her heart.

He does not let her quivering lips
Nibble nimble wasp bites
Intrude his heart.
He is forced to expel her
Free as a bird.

Picture Perfect
Junior Daniel Mendoza

Picture perfect smile up on your face
Damn I wish that would have never been erased
From those lips girl I just wanna a lil taste
Being with you girl I know that is my fate
I wanna take you on a night around town
Prove to you how I really get down
Promise you that your smile will neva frown
And your heart will never hurt
I promise I'll keep it safe and sound
Just imagine you sleeping next to me
Show you all my love and treat you faithfully
Walk down that isle
And make you my wife eternally
I ain't like I was before
And that is what I want you to see
Reality is we are unbreakable together
Like Bonnie and Clyde
I wanna ride and die forever
I'm being honest I ain't tryna be clevah
Because for you I'll take a bullet from anyone's barreta!



I Wish
Kelsie Thames

I wish I didn't think about you as much as I do
I wish I could walk around and not notice things about you.
I wish I could realize that I did something wrong.
You messed me over …yes
But you didn't do it alone,
I may have broken you
You broke me
Are we even
Was what we had lost forever
My life will never be the same
A piece of me is missing when im not with you
But in reality
No matter how many wrongs make a right
I will always care
I will always be there
I will always be happy you were in my life
But I will never forgive myself for what I did
And I will never forgive myself for the pain
I caused you and me_
When I think about our memories
The parties we shared,
The people we met
The kisses we shared
And the love we made
Are all gone now and are not coming back
But how can I feel
Like I wasn't wrong
When I know what I did was wrong
I'm sorry_
I will always care
I will always be there
I will always be happy you were in my life
But I will never forgive myself for what I did
And I will never forgive myself for the pain
I caused you and me_
An now here we stand
Holding a glance
I force a smile on my face
And you do the same

In the end of the day we will be friends
Possibly closer than I could imagine
Could you be that person who would give me a second chance?
Would you be that person who believes in me?
Are you as optimistic as me?
Will you ever forgive me?
Could you ever trust me?
And if you don't wanna give me a chance
And if you don't wanna believe in me
If you don't wanna be optimistic
Or ever forgive me
I hope you can trust me
Once again_
I will always care
I will always be there
I will always be happy you were in my life
But I will never forgive myself for what I did
And I will never forgive myself for the pain
I caused you and me_
Yes I meant what I said when I said how I felt
And yes I want you
But I cant make you love me
I cant make you trust me
I cant make you wanna be with me
But I do know
That in the end of the day
I am happy that_
You will always care
You will always be there
You will always be happy I'm in your life
And you forgave me for what I did
And you will help me forgive myself for the pain
I caused you and me_

Untitled
Jamie Strickland

There's no hiding place for this black diamond
Written all over the walls a face that use to wear a smile
A mahogany soul full of a fine brown sorrow
Respecting enough to borrow a dollar
To make nickel worth of precious pity love
Finding remedies in a matter of time
With infinities refined between you and me
And as the crescent unveils to protect your realization of truth
A liberated butterfly spreads its wings to reveal (unfold)
A new young old foolish hour
Recalled by phobias in a wise disoriented chron-illogical order
Its within these complicated melodies that we find self love
Battered in silence
Disregarded forgotten by the rain
She was told time heals pain
But she had to let go those stars
To live IN learn what she talks to live how she lives
Now she talks to recall the day she met her perfect stranger
A coincidence that coincides with fates destiny
Without any reasonable perfection
She laughs without delirium (reason)
Reminiscing the thought of hate at such a tender age
Fighting for humanities will
Through the quenched thirst of millions
Who shoulders the struggle of completed complicit complex
Puzzle pieces that complace reality
Protecting her skin complexion to break bread with the future
Finding sacred duty contradicting history connotations
In its damaged assumptions
While her pen sobers she slows
And presumes each day will bring change

Stand as one, when all is none
Maria Ulyanskaya

When the earth shakes
Will you hold my hand…

When we fall will tears of pain
Run down from those eyes…

Will you beg for me to laugh for you
Just one more time…

Will you hate and love me with your
Eyes...or will you close them shut
In the next...the next time.

Lauren Bean

How to Commute to School
Ivis Fiallo

You got accepted into college, your first choice, and can not help but feel anticipation for the semester to begin. You have gotten all the necessary paper work done, attended the college orientation so you can register for your classes, and get your picture taken for your college ID. So far everything seems all set, except for one thing that didn't cross your mind until your father asks you one sunny Tuesday afternoon, "How exactly are you going to get there?" Your stomach flops as you come to the realization; how were you going to get there? The college you got accepted to was not some local college in your town, but all the way in the big city that took thirty minutes (if there wasn't much traffic) to get to. The city had little to no parking near your college, and any parking available did not come cheap. However, the worst part of the whole situation was that you didn't even have a car, nor could you afford one with the leftover cash from last summer's job. What were you going to do? Your parents certainly couldn't drive you to school. Your mother had to get up by 5:30 to get to her long and tedious job that was only a ten minute drive from your home. Your father was a sales broker for a foreign food company that required him to be on the road a lot; it was out of the question for him to drive you into the city through rush hour traffic, drop you off at college only to drive back out of the city, and then come back to get you. Your optimism about going to college dwindles as you realize you have no transportation to get into the city, that is of course until your father says, "You could always take the train." You pause in your internal melodramatic moment to process what he said, then in a completely clueless tone pipe up, "There's a train near here?"

Well hot-diggity-dog! You find that there is a train station in the next town that would only take your father ten minutes to drive from your home. You managed to take the commuter train into the city, memorized the schedule, and which subway trains to get on during your remaining vacation time. You feel like you have mastered the way of public transportation, and are well prepared for your first day. Your father drops you off at the station and you make your way up the platform in a relatively calm pace (since you arrived at the station five minutes before your train is scheduled to get there). You stand at the platform and look around at all the other commuters: business men, office assistants, and high school and college students that you will probably be

traveling with for the rest of the year. You hear the train coming closer and adjust yourself to make sure you have everything. Finally, the train makes a complete stop, the doors open, and you walk right in taking the closest empty seat near you. After a few moments the train moves again; you look out the window as you see the station and the building pass by you, feeling optimistic about your college year again. The train makes three other station stops until it comes near a lush swamp where it slowly stops to a crawl, and then just stops completely. You sit there and wonder why the train has stopped; 'was there some sort of animal on the tracks, or maybe someone's car has broken down on the tracks a couple of miles from here?' you begin to wonder. Of course, your worst fear is realized when the conductor of the train announces that the train has broken down and that they are waiting for another train to push them into the city...Terrific.

Well, your first day didn't go as planned, because of that commuter rail fiasco you have already missed one class, but now that you are finally in the city you can still make it to your town other classes. You buy a subway pass and make your way downstairs to the subway platform, when you take notice of other commuters in the area. The train arrives and you find yourself moments later stuffed inside between the door and an early bird tourist with a large map and a huge backpack. You feel thankful that you do not have to stay on this train very long since you get off in two stops to take another train to your
destination. However, the next train does not fair any better as you are squished inside with other commuters like a cattle car. After two stops, you finally make it to your final destination, and walk up the stairs, out of the gates, into the fresh air of the open street. Your college is only a couple of blocks from here and your optimisim creeps back into your mind as you walk down the street and make it to your second class on time. As the professor introduces himself you look out the window briefly, thinking "Was that tourist wearing a green poncho along with a magenta colored fanny pack?"

Bewilderment
Danielle Souza

Do you know your affect on me?
I yearn to hate you, I promised to loath you.
And now I find myself falling.
The lips I once despised for such speech
I now wish to kiss.
The eyes that I used to turn from
I now wish would only stay on me.
Torment me no longer.

Shane Devereaux

Moon Eyes
Emily Haigney

Her eyes are splinters of
Slivered moonlight,

Iridescent blemishes exposed
By nights scathing darkness,

Flickering gnats gnawing masked
Banal rapture

Illuminating his callow breaths
Upon the weeping sea

Pulsing waves and heartbeats,
Redundant ripples tide celestial fables.

His songs are untarnished currents
Bewitched by witch-hazel bee stings

Purging perishing wounds,
Sea salt icicles seething crevacies,

Dawn ignites silenced love.

Because I Win
Alison Cappucci

A pungent lick
Long awaited-
In your eyes;
One is right,
and
One is wrong.

Our numbered sum
cannot calculate two
if, one,
Must always whither
Down the bones of the latter-

-Let it then,
Let sunken frames
depress,
As bruising as it may
to
veins,
ego, or
head.

If not,
then,
Heed this warning-
-your words will wary
a weathered soul.

Words with feather dusters
Housecleaning thoughts-
Innuendos of bitterness-
Stinging from a budded tongue
Biting so sharp
As to cause,
Perennial pain;

Pain mapped through
Ritual currents
- inward,
outward-tides,
that only leave ripples on
her
face,
on life

-Her life;
A collection of days
Gagged in polite smiles that
Nod to a world,
Which makes shadows like hills,
Tucking and nuzzling truth
Behind serrated-edged stones– ingenious,

They gem perfect faces,
Who shatter all
Disguised to her,
-Exposing at last,
Mineral veins,
Contracting and expanding,
Disillusion blood
Pushes reverberated cells-
Your half-hearted words,
Ignited in a mouth
Solely intended
To gulp down all edible opposition
Who dared to plate
Themselves,
In front of you.

-But chewing,
My friend,
Does not digest you
Right
Or wrong,
But here,
Unwanted.

Mizz Negativity
Franchisca Jean

Damn, I hate my writing
Sometime I feel like hiding

One teacher don't believe
That I think my writing is ill achieved

Always thinking negative
Because my past wasn't positive

Elementary teachers
Couldn't fucking stand me
Didn't like me because
I was bad
But didn't know deep inside
I was feeling kind of sad

Always crying for attention
Shiiiittttt a house with no protection

Everyday I have to move
Either they don't want me
Or they disapprove

What they say about foster home is true
Either I get abused
Or end up being so fucking confused

Every night
I hear muffled scream
Make me wonder
If this is a dream

Can't talk to anybody
They think I'm nobody

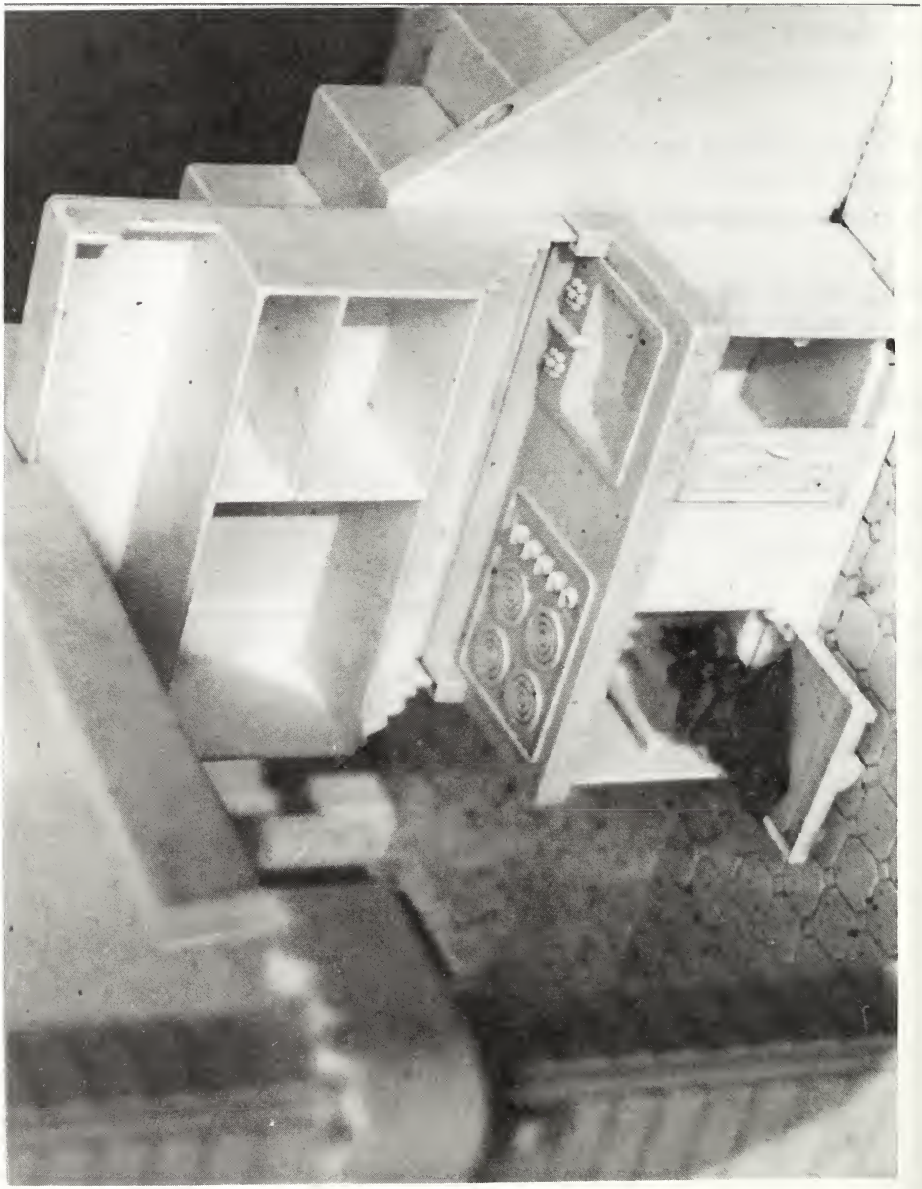
"Just a quiet chick
Who probably suck dick
Might be an undercover ho
Who doesn't want
Anybody to know"

The past is hunting me uncontrollably
Memories of pain
That deal with not only cocaine

Blood, Blood, Blood
Like a chunk of thin mud

My real family gone
Like a broken crayon

Sometime I ask myself
Can I be a poet?
Or
Just wanna be a bitch
Who doesn't know it?



How to Get Dumped
Matt McDougal-Shaver

First: love. Love with reckless abandon. Love little things, like starlight and your dog Otis. When you're young you'll begin each day with a prayer for all the people in your life you love: your mom, your dad, step-parents, your mean older sister, your best friend Danny. An you'll end each day by giving thanks that they all got home safe.

You will have crushes in middle school on girls with bleach-blonde hair and tight pants. You make them laugh, so they must like you back, right? Your first kiss will be awkward and rushed, despite it being in the rain, like you always hope it would be.
"Soggy," is how you describe it to your buddies, "but amazing."

You suffer through smelly dances in darkened cafeterias during middle school. A hundred distinct body odors swirl into one while Boyz II Men blares in your ears. Four times a year posters pop up for "Fall Daze" or "Spring Fling" and nobody stops to ask what a "Fall Daze" is and whether it's a good idea for 6th graders to go on one. Four times a year student government sells $5 tickets to the dance during lunches, and four times a year you will think that you have the courage to ask a girl, and each time you decide against it. Four times a year you go to the dance hoping that 13 year old girls will have a little more courage than you.

Girls fascinate you. And they start getting much more fascinating when they get to high school. Your whole world will revolve around them. You kiss girls and sometimes they kiss you back. But mostly it will be rough going for awhile.

And then you'll meet her. She'll have soft blue eyes, freckles and a wide smile. She'll look in your eyes when she talks to you and you'll like that. She will be your first girlfriend. There will be two week Anniversaries, Valentine's days, trips to the mall, birthdays,
one year anniversaries, flowers, sleepovers (if you're lucky), and sex. Your first time will be different than your first kiss. Although still rushed and awkward, you will feel a gentle ache where your heart is sup-

be. Afterwards your heads will land on pillows at the same time, you'll look at her slight body and see yours reflected in her eyes. This is it. This is who you will wake up to for the rest of your life.

And then, sometime later, she will kick your ass to the curb. She'll call it "a break" at first, and then shortly thereafter, it will become clear that things are broken. She'll tell you that it's time for the both of you to move on. She tells you, "It's not you, it's me," (Hard to believe, I know, but she actually does say this).

You hear none of this. You two are *meant* to be. You tell her about the divinity of your love, how you'll never love anyone like that again. You couldn't. But she just can't.

You accept this with grace and courage. This won't be a messy break-up. You two can still be best friends. She's not ready to lose you completely.

"Fuck her," you say often, "She doesn't know what she's missing," those words will become your mantra. But that's during the day. At night you pull the covers close to your tired eyes and cry; sometimes loudly, sometimes silently. Your heart aches like a broken stop-light, stuck blinking red.

There will be unanswered late night phone calls, and a few letters that you send that will go unopened. You will get quiet. Your friends will feel for you. "Whatever you need man, I'm here," Danny will tell you. But you won't have the energy.

You will give up on women. Think about batting for the other team. Maybe girls just don't have what you're looking for. You will quickly give up on that idea. Contemplate celibacy. Decide celibacy is for quitters.

Grow an emotionally-unavailable beard. It's your sign to the world that you're not interested in dating anyone, and if girls think you're cute with a beard, well then, they're crazier than you. Unfortunately the emotionally unavailable bear will become somewhat of a trademark of yours for awhile.

Join a gym. You will throw yourself at the treadmill. Run until your legs burn. Stop when you're out of breath or when the weight of losing your sweetheart won't allow you to take another step. You'll be glad that she dumped you just before school got out for the summer. At least you don't have to see her everyday, even though you wished you could.

You will listen to a lot of music. In the book High Fidelity Nick Hornby refers to it as "Old, sad bastard music" but it's comforting to you. You feel like an old, sad bastard and if you want to listen to "Landslide" for an hour straight, dammit, you're going to.

One day you will be sitting on the couch and "The Notebook" will come on. You will get sucked in. The girl and the guy break up for a long time but get back together in the end, don't they? That sounds great, you think. They were meant for each other, just like you and Heidi! As you watch trite sentimentality perfected, slowly realize how little of this movie applies to you. Besides, that guy grows the kind of kickass beard that you can only dream of. The movie will end and you will throw the remote against the wall as you shout, "Love isn't real!"

You will be grateful that nobody was around to see that.
You will feel like you're slowly being taken apart, like the way a younger you used to take apart finished puzzles: piece by piece. You think about that while not paying attention during your 5th hour Spanish class and look up the word puzzle: "Rompecabezas" loosely: 'broke head(s)' - - that makes sense to you.

"Pete honey," your mom will whisper to you one day, "Do you think maybe you should start seeing someone?"

"I don't want to date anybody mom, I still love Heidi!" you reply with frustration.

"No, I mean, someone to talk to, like a counselor?"
Believe that your life is over at seventeen. You're right. You think.

And then, one day you think about something else for awhile. It may have taken weeks or months, or years. But eventually you stop

thinking about the two of you as one entity and begin thinking about you as a single soul with a broken heart. This is when the healing starts. You join Habitat for Humanity and work at soup kitchens. You see and meet people who have had things much worse than you. Heidi times a hundred. Suddenly your life feels like less of a shit-show.

You lost some weight, started seeing a counselor, started feeling like yourself again. Your family will tell you later about how your absence was tangible. That your silence was in fact very loud. They will be happy to have you back.

Sometime later you will meet the love of your life. And she will be everything Heidi was and was not. She will have embarrassing stories about being dumped too. And she will have perspective. And great legs. She's your soul-mate, for real this time. Now, here's the hard part.

Shane Devereaux

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